

native fashion; his primitive and unpalatable food, served in copper bowls from the Patriarch's kitchen, is eaten with his fingers; he is nearly without possessions, he sleeps on the floor "among the spiders" without a mattress, he lives in a hovel up a steep ladder in a sort of tower out of repair—Syrian customs and etiquette have become second nature to him.

He has no "mission work" to report. He is himself the mission and the work. The hostility of the Turkish Government and the insecurity of the country prevent him from opening schools, he cannot even assemble a few boys and teach them their letters; he got a bit of land and the stones for erecting a cottage, but is not allowed to build; his plans are all frustrated by, bigotry on one side and timidity on the other, and he is even prevented from preaching by the blind conservatism of the patriarchal court. It has not been the custom to have preaching at Kochanes. "Sermons were dangerous things that promoted heresy," the Patriarch said. But Mr. Browne is far from being idle. People come to him from the villages and surrounding country for advice, and often take it. They confide all their concerns to him, he acts effectively the part of a peacemaker in their quarrels, he is trusted even by the semi-savage chiefs and priests of the mountain tribes, and his medical skill, which is at the service of all, is largely resorted* to at all hours of the day. Silenced from preaching and

prohibited from teaching, far better than
a sermon
is his own cheery life of unconscious self-
sacrifice, truth,
purity, and devotion. This example the
people can
understand, though they cannot see why
an English-
man should voluntarily take to such a life as
he leads.
His power lies in his singular love for
them, and in
his almost complete absorption in their lives
and interests.

His room is most amusing. It is little
better than a